

JAPAN'S ANSWER TO RUSSIA READY

Believed It is so Worded as to Prevent Immediate Rupture.

WAR WOULD BE A LONG ONE

Tokio, Jan. 13.—The final conference before the throne to decide upon the response to Russia has been held. It was attended by all the members of the cabinet, five of the elder statesmen, Admirals Kato and Ito and General Kodama. The conference was of long duration and its result is unknown. It is said, however, that the response which was drafted was approved, and that it will soon be delivered to Baron de Rosen, the Russian minister.

This answer of Japan is regarded as the final step in the negotiations. Public interest in the outcome is at fever heat, and developments are anxiously awaited.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 13.—Mr. Kurino, the Japanese minister, in an interview, declared that if war should come he believed it would be a prolonged one. It was difficult now to see how it could be decisive, he said, considered solely from a military point of view. "The majority of the people of Russia," added the minister, "and many persons abroad, have underestimated Japan's strength, the idea prevailing in some otherwise well-informed quarters that Japan would be unable to put more than 200,000 soldiers in the field. This idea is entirely erroneous."

Minister Kurino said he still was hopeful of peace, but was confident that if necessary the Japanese army of more than 600,000 men would give a good account of itself and do credit to Japan's military system and system of compulsory education. He pointed out that Japan's coast defenses were so strong that General Kurepatkin, the Russian minister of war, had freely admitted that even a coalition of the powers would be unable to effect a landing on Japanese soil.

The opinion prevailing abroad that the termination of negotiations would necessarily mean war is not held strongly here, as Russia has never declared what she intends to do.

If Japan occupies Korea the belief prevails in some quarters that Russia would not risk a naval engagement, but would occupy Northern Korea. Japan meanwhile possibly entrenching herself on the southern slope of Gonsan, 115 miles northeast of Seoul. While this is merely speculation in diplomatic circles, it is given as one of the reasons for believing that even in the event of the failure of the present negotiations the desire of both sides to avoid the odium of an attack might lead to a final delimitation of the boundaries on the basis of the territory occupied.

Japan's reply is expected in two or three days, according to reliable information received here, and there is good reason for believing that the reply will be so worded as to prevent an immediate rupture, leaving both governments in a position to continue negotiations looking to a pacific settlement.

DEATH OF GEN. J. B. GORDON
Confederate Leader Succumbed to Attack of Congestion of Stomach.
Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 11.—Lieutenant General John Brown Gordon died at his winter home near Miami, Florida. His fatal illness, which overtook him last Wednesday, was congestion of the stomach and liver, following an acute attack of indigestion, to which he was subject. General Gordon had been unconscious nearly all day. The beginning of the end occurred when serious complications set in and his physicians had abandoned all hope, as his kidneys refused to secrete and the symptoms of uraemic poisoning were very decided. His death was quiet. He fell peacefully to sleep and all was over.

General Gordon's remains will reach this city tomorrow. Definite arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made, but it is stated that the body will lie in state in the state house for several days preceding the funeral, the family of the deceased chieftain having agreed to the request that the former followers of General Gordon may view his remains.

Early Ratification of Treaty.
Washington, Jan. 13.—Sir Chen Tung Liang Cheng, the Chinese minister here, called upon Acting Secretary of State Loomis and informed him that he had received a cable dispatch from Peking stating that the emperor had fixed his seal to the Chinese-American treaty, and further that he had acceded to the request of the American government through Minister Conger for the immediate exchange of ratifications. Therefore, without awaiting the arrival in Washington of the copy of the treaty from Peking, the minister and Secretary Hay will within a day or two sign a protocol equivalent to the exchange of ratifications and the president's proclamation being issued, the convention will go into effect immediately.

\$10,000 For Breach of Promise.
Philadelphia, Jan. 12.—The jury in the suit for breach of promise of marriage of Miss Margaret Watkins, of Shamokin, Pa., against Frederick Graeber, formerly of that place, but now of Philadelphia, returned a verdict of \$10,000 for the plaintiff. Graeber, the defendant, was not in the courtroom at the time, and there were few spectators present, as a verdict was not expected. The amount named in Miss Watkins' suit was \$25,000.

MAD MULLAH LOST 1000 MEN

Rebel Forces Annihilated By British Troops In Somaliland.

London, Jan. 12.—The war office gave out the following dispatch which had been received from Major General Egerton, commanding the Somaliland expeditionary force, and which is dated from Jiddah, Somaliland, January 11:

"Advanced this morning 12 miles to Jiddah. First Brigade commanded by

Manning. Second Brigade under Fakhri, and mounted troops under Kenna. Total strength of the regulars 2200; irregulars 1000.

"Jiddah held by 5000 Dervishes. Mounted troops enveloped enemy's right and infantry advanced within 700 yards of his position. Dervishes advanced, but were unable to face frontal fire, coupled with flank attack. Enemy broke and fled and was pursued 10 miles. Dervishes killed estimated at 1000, mostly in the pursuit. Many prisoners and 400 rifles taken.

"I regret to report that two officers of regulars were killed and nine officers wounded; five of the rank and file killed and 16 wounded; of irregulars two killed and two wounded. Am inclined to think this is the Mullah's main force. The Mullah himself was not present, but was expected at Jiddah."

COASTERS HIT BY TROLLEY CAR

Eight Young Persons Seriously Injured at Newark, N. J.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 13.—A trolley car laden with 15 young persons was hit by a trolley car at the intersection of Washington and Court streets. All on the big sled were more or less injured. Eight were seriously hurt. Of these five were taken to hospitals and three of them went home.

The most seriously injured are: Fred Lesser, aged 16, right foot crushed and head injured; Henry Shaffer, 19 years old, skull fractured; Peter Smith, aged 18, head crushed, not likely to recover; John Boyd, aged 18, scalp torn; Margaret McHugh, aged 15, right leg broken and also badly bruised.

The car was on the Kinney street line. Charles Pettigrew was conductor and Michael Mulvihill motorman. It is charged that an attempt was made to cross ahead of the sled. Lesser was steering the sled. Lesser attempted, it is claimed, to swing around the corner, but the momentum was too great, and he could not turn squarely. The front sled was on the car track when the collision took place. All 15 persons on the bob were thrown out. Lesser was pitched forward and fell under the car.

SLAIN PLAYING SOLDIERS

Little Brother and Sister Killed By a Girl With a Gun.

Corry, Pa., Jan. 11.—"We'll play soldiers, and Pearl, with papa's gun, will be the captain," said a little brother of Pearl, the 13-year-old daughter of Fletcher Spaulding at Blue Eye, a hamlet eight miles from here. To this childish suggestion there was a ready assent all around, and two children's lives have paid the penalty of "playing soldiers."

The father had returned from a hunting trip and had set his gun up near the spot where the children were at play. One of them, as quoted, proposed that they would play soldiers, and Pearl picked up the gun, gave a command to "halt" and pulled the trigger, with terrible results.

Her little brother, in the lead, was killed almost instantly, his head being blown off. His next younger sister, directly behind him, had an arm torn off and was so badly injured that she died soon afterward, and a still younger sister was injured, but will live.

Pearl is heart-broken, and claims she did not know that her father had left a charge in the gun.

OUR ISTHMIAN POLICY DEFINED

Reports of War Preparations Against Colombia Officially Denied.

ROOT ISSUES A STATEMENT

Washington, Jan. 13.—Shortly after the cabinet meeting Secretary Root issued the following statement regarding the isthmiian policy of the administration:

"The publication in various quarters of news indicating that the government is preparing to send troops to the isthmus to carry on military operations against Colombia has been the source of considerable annoyance to the executive and to the war department. No state of war exists between the two countries; no inauguration of hostilities is contemplated by this government; no preparation for war is being made. It is not believed by the president, nor by the secretary of state, that any occasion for the employment of troops on the isthmus is likely to arise. They have used their utmost efforts to convince General Reyes and the Bogota officials of the friendly intentions of this government toward Colombia, and of their readiness to use their good offices in the settlement of any question in dispute between Colombia and Panama. It is difficult for them to believe that the authorities in Bogota can be so blinded by passion and prejudice as to declare war against us; and even if this ruinous step should be taken by Colombia this government would be in no haste to respond to her challenge. The president makes all possible allowances for the natural excitement in Bogota over a state of things for which the Colombian government is alone responsible, and of which it was fully forewarned. But the Colombians must sooner or later recognize the irresistible force of accomplished facts, and the sooner this is done the better for all parties. We have done them no wrong; we would like to be of some service to them; if they are wise they will not put it out of our power to help them by any act of rashness and violence."

COLUMBIA MASSING TROOPS

Our Naval Officers at Colon Convinced Attack on Panama Is Imminent.

Colon, Jan. 13.—United States naval authorities here appear to be convinced from the tenor of the reports which are continually brought in that Colombia is determined to send an army to attack Panama.

The Panamanian authorities received official confirmation of the fact that the Colombian troops at Titumani number at least 4000 men, under the com-

mand of Generals Ortiz, Uribe-Uribe, Bustamante and Novo. These troops are well armed and supplied with ammunition, and have four guns, three steam launches and a large supply of cattle. The district is an unproductive one, and the provisions and other supplies which the troops possess have been brought to them from other places. The government learned these facts from a reliable informant at Titumani, who contrives to send news of events from that district to Colon by means of signals and trustworthy messengers. The outlook is apparently warlike.

Ex-Secretary Foster Buried.

Postoria, O., Jan. 13.—The funeral of the late ex-secretary of the treasury and ex-governor of Ohio, Charles Foster, was held here, the services being conducted at the Methodist Episcopal church, in the presence of a large congregation, including many distinguished men of Ohio and other states. The services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Hyslop, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, of Tiffin, who read the Episcopal service for the dead.

10,000 Rabbits Killed.

Echo, Ore., Jan. 12.—The rabbit drive on Lower Butter creek was the largest in the history of the northwest, 500 men, women and children participating. Ten thousand rabbits were killed. The rabbits came in such droves and with such a wild rush that they could not get into the corral fast enough, and they piled up fully two feet deep, hindering the smothering to death. Two persons were seriously injured.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thursday, January 7.

President Roosevelt has nominated Captain Charles O'Neill to be a rear admiral.

Fire in the educational building of the world's fair at St. Louis did \$5000 damage.

Following his retirement, Lieutenant General Young will go to Cuba to spend the winter.

Sergeant Julius Frederick, Arctic explorer and member of Greeley expedition, died at Indianapolis.

The Mississippi state senate, by a vote of 31 to 1, instructed their United States senators to vote for the Panama Canal treaty.

General John R. Black, recently appointed civil service commissioner, has been asked to become chairman of the commission.

Friday, January 8.

Carl Gordon, brother-in-law of Daniel R. Hanna, accidentally shot and killed himself at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Two women named Pressly were killed at Beggs City, N. C., while driving across the Southern Railway tracks.

By an explosion in plant of the Glen Falls, N. Y., Gas Company, four men were badly injured and the gas house demolished.

President Roosevelt has appointed George H. Cope postmaster at Mount Carmel, Pa., and L. W. Sickler at Glassboro, N. J.

Saturday, January 9.

James W. Sweely, publisher of the Williamsport (Pa.) Sun, died of pneumonia.

The Baltimore Society of the War of 1812 celebrated Jackson's victory at New Orleans by a banquet.

Former Clerk of the Courts J. T. Shoener, of Pottsville, Pa., has been convicted of embezzling \$8,000 in fees.

Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, appointed Captain Lewis T. Bryant, of Atlantic City, chief factory inspector, vice J. C. Ward, resigned.

Congress has been asked to allow Rear Admiral B. H. McCalla, of the navy, to accept the Chinese war medal offered him by the king of Great Britain in recognition of his services at the relief of Pekin.

Monday, January 11.

The battleship Missouri was accepted by the government, subject to the usual probationary period.

Patrick O'Neill was killed by a train and Henry Kloss fatally hurt by a mine squeeze at Ashland, Pa.

A dispatch from The Hague says the decision in the Venezuelan case will not be ready before the end of February.

Myron T. Herrick was inaugurated governor of Ohio, and Warren G. Harding lieutenant governor at Columbus, in the presence of 8000 people.

Just as he was about to touch a match to his \$5000 stock of goods, L. C. Willing was arrested at Waterloo, Iowa, and confessed that he had tried twice before to burn his store.

Tuesday, January 12.

Charles Thompson, of Bridgeton, N. J., was killed by falling down stairs. His neck was broken.

General C. H. Barney died at his home at Hackensack, N. J., of spinal meningitis, aged 60 years.

George B. Bowers, past national councillor of the Jr. O. U. A. M., died of heart trouble at Altoona, Pa., aged 62 years.

In a fire which destroyed the stables of Peoples Bros. contractors, Philadelphia, 84 horses were burned to death. Loss, \$20,000.

The annual convention of the United Mine Workers of the Seventh district opened at Hazleton, Pa., 61 collieries being represented.

Wednesday, January 13.

The Persian government has recognized the independence of Panama.

President Roosevelt has appointed Ezra B. Bailey collector of customs at Hartford, Conn.

General Isaac Khan, the Persian minister, presented to President Roosevelt his letters of recall.

The mother of Captain Richmond P. Hobson is dying at Boulder, Colo., and her son has been telegraphed to come.

James Little Plume, who pleaded guilty at Helena, Mont., of murdering seven Blackfoot Indians, was sentenced to 40 years' imprisonment.

Two men were killed by an explosion that wrecked the plant of the Buckeye Powder company, at Peoria, Ill. The shock was felt for 16 miles.

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PLANET.

THE WORLD'S GLORIES.

Goodness's brow is high and broad; In the murmur of the brook He can hear the voice of God; When he lifts his gaze to look At the gleaming stars he sees Other worlds where man may know Things that still are mysteries To us gropers here below; He regards each fragrant rose As a miracle; he hears Music when the west wind blows Through the rushes; he reveres Every little blade of grass As a wonder work, but men See no greatness in him when They, by chance, behold him pass— He can't make money.

Bruntworth knows the sky is there, But he doesn't question why, And, in fact, he doesn't care; In the water flowing by He sees power, nothing more; Flowers he regards as things To be bought and sold; the roar Of the tempest never brings Wonder to his soul; he sees In the grass blades future hay, Not soul-stirring mysteries; He can't enchant him with their gleams; Where he passes, people bow For the reason that somehow Everything he touches seems To turn to money.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

FOR ZEST IN THE GAME

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN.

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THE laurel was pink on the mountain side as Philip waded up stream. He whipped his line into a still pool and, a few moments later, the short, mad conflict at end, stood breathless and motionless, looking down at the speckled beauty he held in his hand. And, suddenly the laurel parted to let a slip of a girl through and waved back, framing her in with its pink beauty—a slip of a girl with soft, untidy hair blowing across brown cheeks and eyes that held the gypsy spirit.

She looked at Philip, in mid-stream, with the sunshine on him, a little shock of surprise in her glance.

In spite of the fact that he was in search of fish and not feminine things, Philip returned the look with interest. And, mysteriously, for there was no perceptible wind, the little winds fell to gossiping of this meeting in Arcady's lonely green heart. Fell to laughing, too, for the girl's eyes traveled on and rested with something of dismay on her shabby calico gown and rough little shoes. But suddenly she laughed, her merriment the abandon of a child.

Philip reddened—the world of women didn't laugh at him.

"It's a main big un, mister." The girl indicated the fish and giggled, as though landing a big un was the merriest fact in existence.

Like a bad fairy she perched herself on a mossy rock. "You ain't a livin'!"

With an angry throbbing ache in his throat, he paced his grips. The little brown thing had won, as she said she would.

"I have come to say good-by," he said stiffly, but he had sworn he would not see her, "and thank you for instructing so awkward a novice as I in the little game you play so well."

Bettie dimpled.

"It runs like a story," he continued. "In Arcady, the daughter of a millionaire meets a poor, but honest young man who has the misfortune to be stupid to the point of not discriminating between an orchid and a mountain daisy. She teaches him an ancient game—the most amusing game now in existence."

"To you?" Bettie paled under her tan.

"To you," Philip bowed ceremoniously. "Victor, whether you spin ducks or scalp wooden Indians."

"Thank you," Bettie spoke politely. "I won't detain you. No doubt you want to pack."

"My luggage has gone on," said Philip with dignity. He held out his hand. Bettie tried to smile, but the corners of her mouth were stiff.

"Won't you say you are sorry, Bettie?"

Bettie wouldn't.

"Won't you say something?"

Philip turned away. He didn't look back at the turn in the road, as every story reader knows that he should.

"Oh, Phil, Phil, Phil!" Bettie had been running and her voice came in little gasps. "I'm not sorry! The dear, bad devil tempted me. I'd just given my clothes to a little girl I met, a vain little thing, because I wanted to be poor and shabby and free. I didn't like to you. I ran away because I wouldn't take greatness in the shape of a foreign lord. I haven't got any friends left because I did—everybody's down on me. I gloried in your caring not because of my misfortune and my money," Bettie's lips were getting quivery, "but in spite of them, and," sobbing, "you don't care a—"

But Philip had crushed the sweet lips into silence.

A Vindication.

Red complexions are all the rage in New York, Prof. Starr, remarks the Chicago News, who pointed out that we were gradually growing into Indians, doubtless feels vindicated.

A Great Essential to Speed.

Flewnt—I don't know what all me lately that I stammer so.

Flewnt (disgustedly)—Talk so fast? I can't even start—Judge.

Judging by Appearances.

"Does the drum major belong to the band, pop?"

"Well, to judge by appearances, my son, I should say that the drum-major imagined the band belonged to him."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Assurance.

Landlady—May be you 'ink dere vos a lot of money in der boarding house peezness?

Boarder—Vell, Mrs. Hashenstein, ve wouldn't do der der ineffectual to suppose dot you could be in it if dere vosn't. Puck.

backward movement she stepped into the laurel and, instantly, it seemed, the forest engulfed her.

Philip fished in the same pool next morning. The morning after he sat on the big rock and stared the stillness of the forest closed down on him oppressively. He remembered the closest that disciplined his little boy days; the gleam of the instrument that took out his first tooth, the ache of his heart when his dog Pido died. She meant to stay away, it was premeditated cruelty. Having reached this conclusion he flung himself out of the woods, crossed the creek, went through a cornfield that ended abruptly in a strawberry bed, sensible cornfield, and there it was—a miracle—he found her.

Her face dimpled at sight of him. She held up a bunch of berries. "Ain't they pretty?" she said.

"Pretty!" scoffed Philip, looking into her eyes, "they are the most beautiful things in the world."

"Ain't you love 'em?" her face was taking on its witch look.

"Yes," said Philip, he meant to make a fine speech, "I love little wild things like, there was a cascade of laughter, like strawberries," he ended, lamely. "Do you now?" she taunted.

Philip looked at her helplessly. With the panoramic vision of a drowning man he saw the woman of those other times—woman of shabby pattern and somewhat coarse fibre it seemed to him as he looked on at the flower-like face of the wilding who was his torment, his delight.

In spite of her gypsy, her country, Philip found that Bettie—she had told him she was "Jes Bettie"—had little reserves of her own. Always she seemed to him to be behind a veil. He thought that her life bloomed wide like a rose at his coming, and he asked: "Was it dull before I came, Bettie?" "Jes a gray sky," she sighed. "And now?" "Hit's got a rainbow in hit," she laughed.

So cleverly did she mix bitter and sweet for him; so cunningly did she repel to encourage, flout to flatter, that Philip flung an ancestor that stretched over seas at her shabby little feet.

"Yer mar wouldn't like hit," Bettie reflected one day. A mental picture of his mother's aristocratic hands uplifted in horror at the messalliance came to Philip; another of Bettie's mother leaving over a rude counter and doling out grins and gossip to her rude customers. His jaw set, "Bettie," he said, his youth, his hope, his love in his voice, "you'll learn our ways, won't you?"

Bettie's face crinkled with its old wickedness. "I ain't much ter learn ways," she said, and Philip smiled at her with wistful fondness.

Some two weeks after Philip's initiation into "duck on the rock," enlightenment came to him in the shape of a Sunday edition, great educators, Sunday editions. He knew the tantalizing small face that looked at him from the printed sheet—how well he knew it, and the soft little gypsy hand's touch. With one leaping bound, he had gone on being foolish so long, wisdom came to him.

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